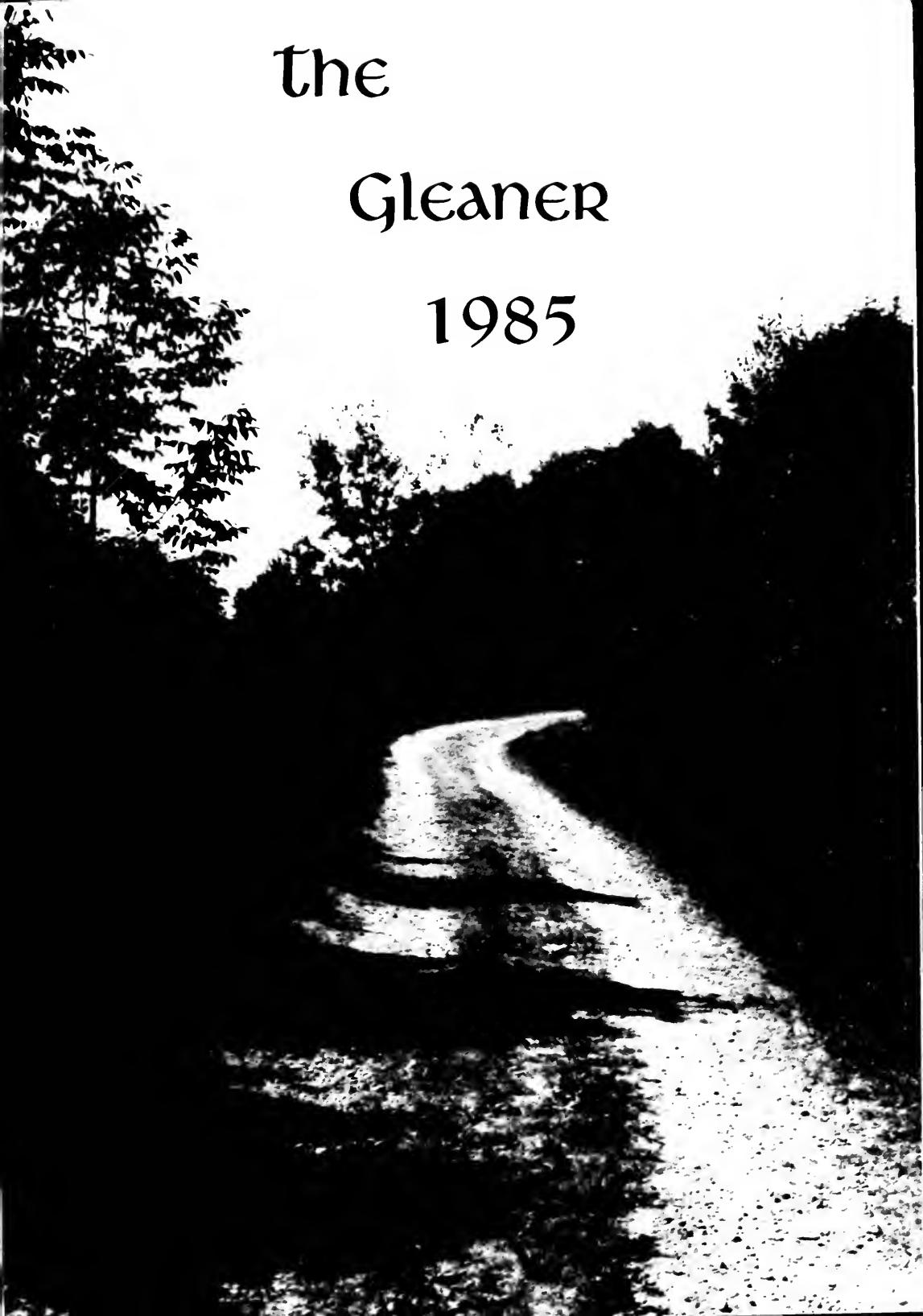


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Editors

Cammy Alcorn
Nancy Lukert

Cover

Tish Duffy

Literary Work

Cammy Alcorn
Anonymous
Jamie Beck
Tish Duffy
W.G.F.
Betsy Ferris Hague
Drew Larson
Nancy Lukert
Edward O'Brien, Jr.
Veronica Paris
Pam Predmore
S.A.R.
Susan Richart
Dr. Richard Ziemer

Photographs

John Constable
Ann Drobner
Brian Eshenaur
Jeannine Gravel
Pam Hines
Tim Ireland
Dana Staffieri

Artwork

Linda Mae Bauer
Barb Brennan
Becky Spinnler

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Photo by Ann Drobner

You ARE my guide

*ramblin on, ramblin out
stumblin on, stumblin out
throw me
throw me
a safety raft*

*floatin on, floatin out
cruisin on, cruisin out
cast me
cast me
the anchor deep*

*i'm complete
i'm safe
secure with you
when you're with me*

*i'm hindered
i'm lost
away from you
when i'm alone*

*i'm holdin on
now
don't let go
i'm holdin on
now
let our love grow*

*it's new
it's young
growing dense
growing dense
it's up to you
to let it speak*

*just call my name
and we'll be one*

*as i drift and i drift
the waves begin to lift
floatin onward
floatin outward*

*hopin only for you
for you to shout
shout my name*

*i'll always be
driftin onward
and outward . . .*

you are my guide

*I thought I knew you once
You were like tomorrow
always there
to greet
to smile at
to cry to.*

*My tomorrows
have turned to just todays
because they change
and come so quickly
and like you
get swept away*

Tish Duffy

Photo by Dana Staffieri





Photo by Brian Eshenaur

*Some people enter our lives never knowing their effect,
and all they leave
are footprints . . . upon our hearts.*

Nancy Lukert

I'll Still Be . . .

*When the rocks and hills divide us
I'll still be thinking of you.*

*When the road is too far to travel
I'll still be missing you.*

*When the nights are long and cold
I'll still be wanting you.*

*When my tears fall heavy and you're not here
I'll still be needing you.*

*When time passes slowly 'til next we meet
I'll still be waiting for you.*

*Even when our hearts can't beat together
I'll still be loving you.*

Susan Richart



Photo by Pam Hines

On Second Thought, Maybe I Should

How many times have we wanted to say something special to someone else and have browsed through, say, Mother's Day cards looking for the right wording? We care enough, and we send the best card our money can buy, but actually saying "You're special" or "I love you" would mean so much more. Many of these cards begin with sentiments expressed in a concessionary way: "Although, I may not often say it, I just wanted to tell you . . ." We have difficulty heaving our heart into our mouth. How often have you heard someone express concern with "If I only had" or "I wish I had done . . .?"

For nine years, while I was in college, I was assigned to do weekly extension service of a practical nature in connection with my major in religion. I conducted classes in religious instruction on Saturdays in a small South Carolina town, working with black and white families on a regular basis. Becoming pleasantly acquainted with them, I felt accepted by both communities. Coming from the West, I was unfamiliar with the longstanding cultural pattern of racial segregation, but I accepted it as a fact and never tried to upset the pattern in the lives of any members of the classes.

All this occurred during the late 1950's and early 1960's, and by the time that the Civil Rights Movement began to gain momentum, several of us who worked in black communities were advised to cut back our inter-racial contact or eliminate it. When I mentioned that fact to some of the parents of class members who had been grateful for our time and efforts spent with them, they voiced dismay and asked me to keep up this work, I did. Reflecting on that service, I would do it the same way again with one exception. After one class was over at the end of the year and while I was passing through the courtyard, a five-year-old black boy called to me and asked, "Mista Richart, kin I kiss you on yo' cheek?" My gut feeling was to say "Yes" but my cultural response was to say "No" I reasoned him out of it by saying how others might misinterpret it. Having no idea of how many sets of eyes were on us in the outer courtyard, I said, "How about if we shake hands like grown-up men do?" He agreed. Now, from the vantage point of twenty-five years later, what would a hug or kiss have mattered? It certainly could not have precipitated an incident similar to the one at Fort Sumter, could it? I wish I had granted him his request: it could have made my day and his whole year.

During the early 1970's, I passed again through that little town and stopped to see Miss Effie, one of the mothers in whose house we met, a lady the same age as my own mother. When her neighbors said that she went shopping at the local Piggly Wiggly store, I left to search for her. Miss Effie, sure enough, was in the frozen food aisle picking over chicken and pork roasts as I approached. Getting closer, I said "Hellooooooh, Miss Effie!" She turned on two spindly legs, dropping packages and her jaw, which exposed the gold incisor, and exclaimed, "Mista Richart!" And there was one of the best black and white reunions I ever witnessed. I'm glad I did. A few years later, after our



Photo by Ann Drobner

daughter was born, my parents visited Independence Mall and to see the Liberty Bell. "I just wanted to reach out and touch it" she said. "Rats!" I thought, as I let up on the accelerator, "you mean you didn't?" "Millions have." But she thought it was not allowed. Again the gut reaction says "yes" and the cultured conditioning says "no." Another "I wish I would have."

cont'd on page 10

"Taking a cue from hearing many people say this of friends whom they parted from, never to see again, whom they wish they had said one last kind word to or done a requested errand for but did not, I realize that I cannot turn back the clock on my initial reactions either. If these experiences have given me wiser insights on relationships, I've learned that every encounter is historical, never to be repeated in the same way. It's so easy to pass through the other people's lives as spectators, instead of as participants and mutter, what do they mean to me?" only to learn that they have moved or suffered some loss or needed encouragement that I could have given or shared with them.

"On second thought, maybe I should," needs to be revised to become an initial impulse, overriding the fears of inconsequential results. In this respect Leo Buscaglia's emphasis on sharing feeling, love, care, sincerity and hugging is right. I hope that I can radically modify my cold Germanic approach to relationships.

Dr. Richard C. Zimmer



I Watch the Rain

*Sitting in a chair
quietly watching the rain
cascade through the trees
watching the raindrops
stream down the pane—reflecting
the ones on my cheek,
I rock back and forth
listening for the sweet bird songs.
Touching the cool glass,
I gaze at the rain
dripping from emerald leaves,
quietly thinking of you.*

Tish Duffy

*Remember when life was so simple
and in people you found friends
and in friends you found loved ones
and in loved ones you found security.*

*But there comes a day,
when these friends are just people
and the loved ones, just friends
and you're feeling insecure.*

*This is the day you're all alone.
Alone to grow and meet yourself.
And in yourself you find independence
and in independence you find security.*

*And you learn . . .
Only when you're secure with yourself,
can you find security with others.*

Cammy Alcorn

Photo by Ann Drobner





Photo by John Constable

*What's it like to be hurt?
Can anyone really say?
We've all been hurt before.
It happens everyday.*

*There are broken hearts,
that never seem to mend.
The truths that were not spoken,
that so many often bend.*

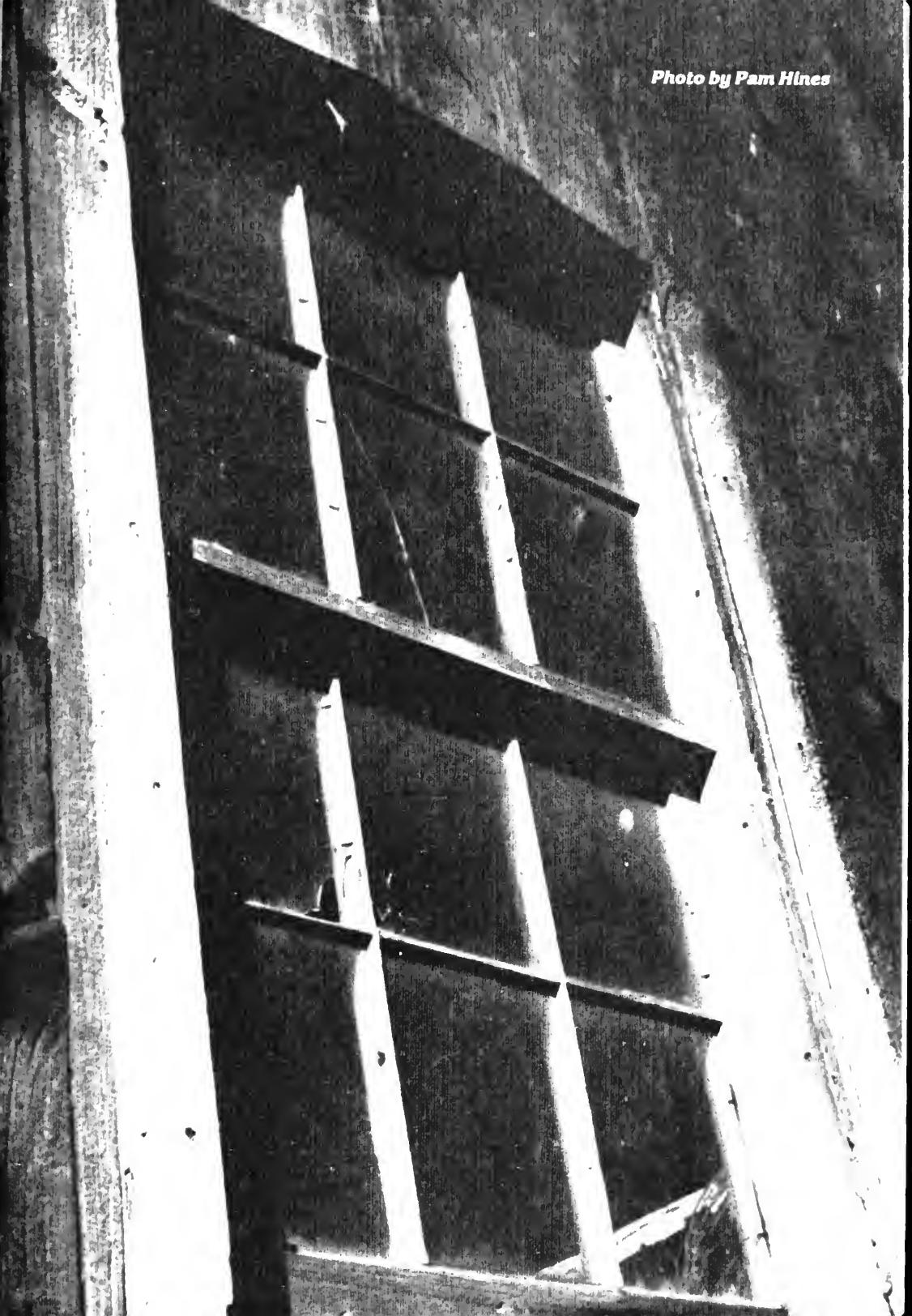
*So many take their chances.
So many always fall.
And no one's there to catch them.
Nobody hears them call.*

Susan Richart

*As the rain streams down the window . . .
I look outside and think of you.
As the sun peers through the curtains . . .
I look outside and think of you.
As I hear the autumn leaves rustle . . .
I look outside and think of you.
As the snow falls from the winter sky . . .
I look outside and think of you.
Our love . . . unseasonal . . . forever.*

Nancy Lukert

Photo by Pam Hines



*I want
to capture your smile
with my sparkling glance*

*I want
to leave you breath-taken
with my beauty*

*I want you
to love me*

*But you can't or
won't or
shouldn't or
something . . .*

*I have me to give you but
It's just not enough—*

it never is

I'm not everything

I want

*to be or
you want me to be or
they want me to be*

All I have—

*stripped of my efforts
my wishes
my heart*

are words—

to steal your heart away.

Tish Duffy



Photo by John Constable



Photo by Pam Hines

hear the Wind

*Hear the wind,
Hear the wind,
blowing through the trees.
Hear the wind,
can you hear the wind,
making quite a breeze?
Hear the wind,
Do you hear the wind,
whistling over the seas?
Hear the wind,
I can hear the wind,
with a sound that is trying to please.*

Jamie Beck

*Magic is the sun that makes
a rainbow out of rain.
and magic keeps the dream alive
to try and try again,
and magic is the love that stays
when good friends have to leave.
I do believe in Magic.
I believe.*

*When I was young I thought the stars
were made for wishing on,
and every hole deep in a tree
must hide a leprechaun.
Old houses all had secret rooms
if one could find the door
but who believes in magic anymore?*

*When I grew up the grownups said
one day I'd wake to find
that magic is a childish game
I'd have to leave behind.
Like clothes that no longer fit
and toys that I ignore
I'd not believe in magic anymore.*

*I'm older now, and I've found to my surprise
that magic did not fade away,
it only wears a new disguise—
a child, a song, a friend, a smile;
the courage to stand tall
for love's the greatest magic
of them all.*

*Magic is the sun that makes
a rainbow out of rain
and magic keeps the dream alive
to try and try again
and magic is the love that
stays when good friends have to leave.
I do believe in magic
for love's the greatest magic.
I do believe in magic
I believe . . .*

Pam Predmore

Artwork by Linda Bauer



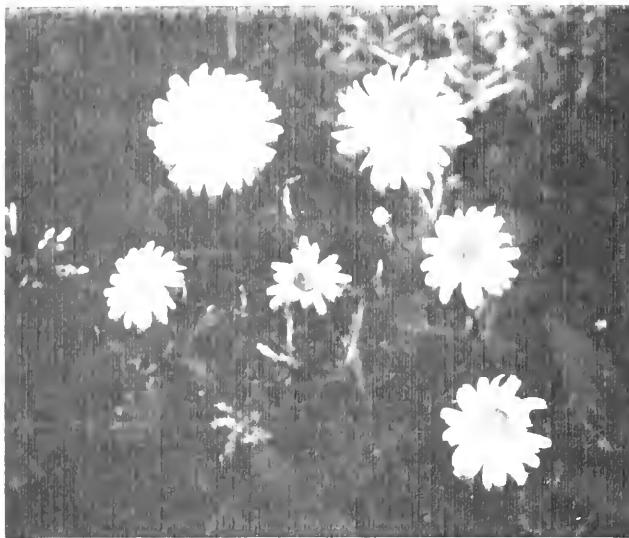


Photo by Tish Duffy

Photo by Tim Ireland



*I saw you standing next
to a dandelion
shaded by its soft
yellow petals.
Sunshine glimmered
through the
stems around us.
You stood silent
as the aura of gold
swirled around us.
How insignificant
we were
standing there
amongst the dandelions—*

Tish Duffy

Afghanistan Passage

*Distant mountains come to life.
Northern winds cut like a knife.
Native guide starts moving on.
From the valley, hear shepherd's song.
Two more miles, must stop for night.
Shadows move around, dancing firelight
To reach the temple, two more days, we must go.
At break of dawn, the rain turns to snow.
Across the hill, an outpost stands.
Must leave the road, start out overland.
Morning sky, streaked with red.
In the frozen wasteland, all life seems dead.*

Drew Larson



Photo by Jeannine Gravel



Photo by Ann Drobner

Special Understanding

*I walk along the lake where we've walked together,
and I can't help but think of you.*

*I crush the fallen leaves beneath my feet,
their colors no longer as beautiful and vibrant,
without you here with me.*

*The sky is not as blue, as clear
as when you walked with me.*

*The air is not as fresh, as fragrant,
as when you walked with me.*

*Instead of seeing the beauty we once shared,
it all passes me by.*

Everything I see reminds me of you.

I look out onto the water and see only the reflection of your face.

*I stop to think, and sit at the picnic table,
where we shared so many sunny mornings,
sharing our thoughts, our dreams.*

*I remember the first time,
you felt comfortable enough to open up and share yourself with me.
how happy I was that day . . .*

*I thought that was the start, that you had made a decision,
to give us a chance.*

But I guess I misunderstood, it wasn't me you were looking for.

How could you be?

When you hadn't let go of her.

So many signs you gave me, encouraging me,

When I think back on those days

it was then that I fell too fast.

Wanting so much for us to work,

that I was blind to the other signs you gave.

How could I have been so foolish?

I continue walking, trying my hardest to forget the misunderstanding.

Sometimes now when I walk by our lake, I think of you.

And sometimes when I try hard enough, I can think about us and smile.

Because I realize that I didn't really misunderstand you,

that you really do care,

if not as a lover, as a friend.

And maybe we're better off this way.

So now when I look out onto our lake,

I see the reflection of happy memories,

shared smiles . . .

And a time of special understanding . . . finally, my friend.

Silent Something

*Nothing can be Something,
that Someone wants No one to know.
Yet, when No one turns into Someone,
the Nothing is now Something known.*

Cammy Alcorn



Artwork by Barb Brennan

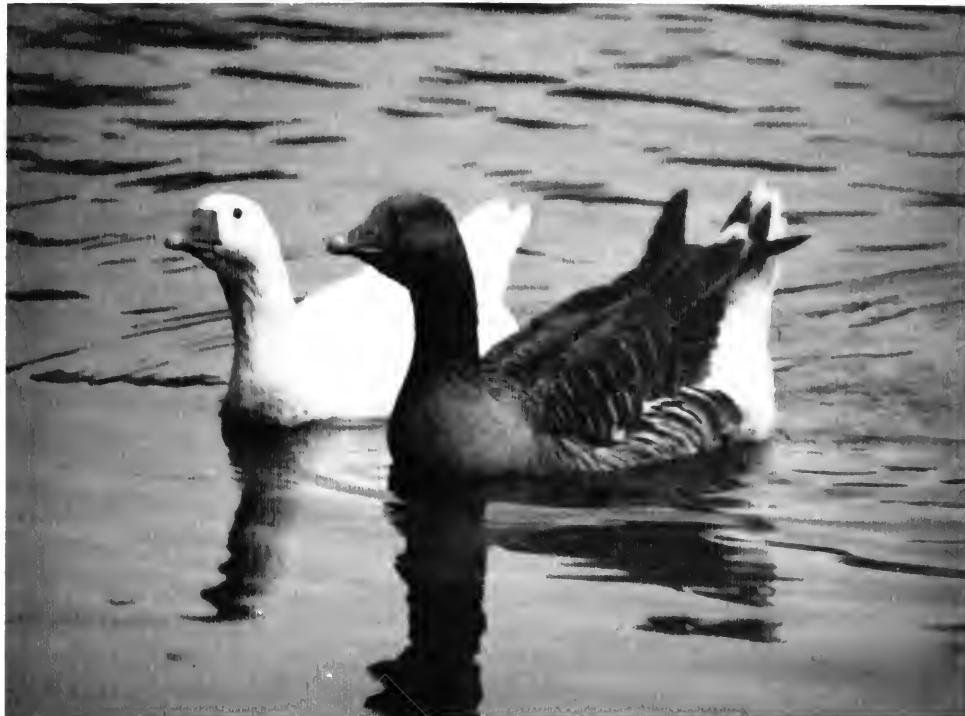


Photo by Tim Ireland

*Our love is the right love because . . .
you are **you**
and I am **me**
and **you** and **me**
make us **we**.*

Susan Richart

for you

For you

*I'd capture a falling star
and put it in a jar
so everytime you're down
you could let a little out
and it would light up your world
bringing the glow back in your smile.*

For you

*I'd construct an endless rainbow
containing all spectral colors
so when your days turn black and white
you could cut off a piece
and set it free
making your world colorful again.*

For you

*I'd put a raindrop
in a crystal box
so you could put it in a secret place
and take it out
illuminating your eyes, making them sparkle again.*

For you

*I'd capture stars
build rainbows
keep raindrops in crystal boxes
if that will make you happy.*

Tish Duffy



Photo by Tim Ireland

*The sea wants nothing that we can bring it.
All our treasures seem faded beside its emerald majesty.
And when, all that troubles us is cast into the sea,
We receive the greatest treasure of all . . .
Peace of mind.*

Veronica Paris



Photo by Jeannine Gravel



Photo by Ann Drobner

*Subtle rising of a dawning sun
Unveils the innocence and
Newness of myself
Reawakened by the early light
Immersed in love and peaceful
Solitude glowing in
Eternal warmth.*

Tish Duffy



Photo by Pam Hines

A SOLDIER'S SAGA

*I can't tell you how I know it, but so many times before,
I've been called upon to lead young men, to go off and fight in war.
It may have been in 1915, or perhaps it was in '44.*

But I can feel it now, in my heart, that I have been here before.

*I've seen my tanks spread out, to cross the steppes of the vast Ukraine.
And I've made my bed in some unknown wood, in the cold September rain.
I've shared the suffering of all my men, and yes, I've known their pain.
But they were strong and through it all, not once did they complain.*

*When I close my eyes and stop to think, you know that I can see,
the horror and death that results, because of man's stupidity.*

*The senseless waste of brave young men, who die to serve their country.
And I've seen it in the orphans' faces, which echo their misery.*

I've seen the fear of villagers as they turn to run and hide.

*And I've sent countless letters to next of kin, to say their men have died.
My tank and I, we are as one, and death have we defied,
to fulfill the goals of politicians. So often have they lied.*

*I've served my time in the fields of France, in mud up to my knees,
And I've known the Russian winter, so cold that tank treads freeze.
And I've killed my share of my fellow man, ignoring all their pleas,
in order that I might carry out the high command's decrees.*

I've warred across all of Europe, from the Volga to the Seine.

*And had my tiger tank destroyed, beneath me, on some lonely Belgian lane.
I've always obeyed my generals, though they treat us with such disdain.
And I watched my only boy die in Kiev, Sniper's bullet in his brain.*

Don't talk of battle's glory, of honor, or of victory.

*For I have seen too much of battle, maybe more than a man should see.
So when I'm called before my God, as every good soldier will be,
May he remember it was my duty, and be merciful to me.*

I address myself to those of you that have not been there before.

You'll find no glory, no romance, when you have to go to war.

Just ask any soldier and he'll reply the same, I'm sure.

"If I had my way," he would say, "We would have war no more."

Drew Larson



Artwork by Linda Bauer

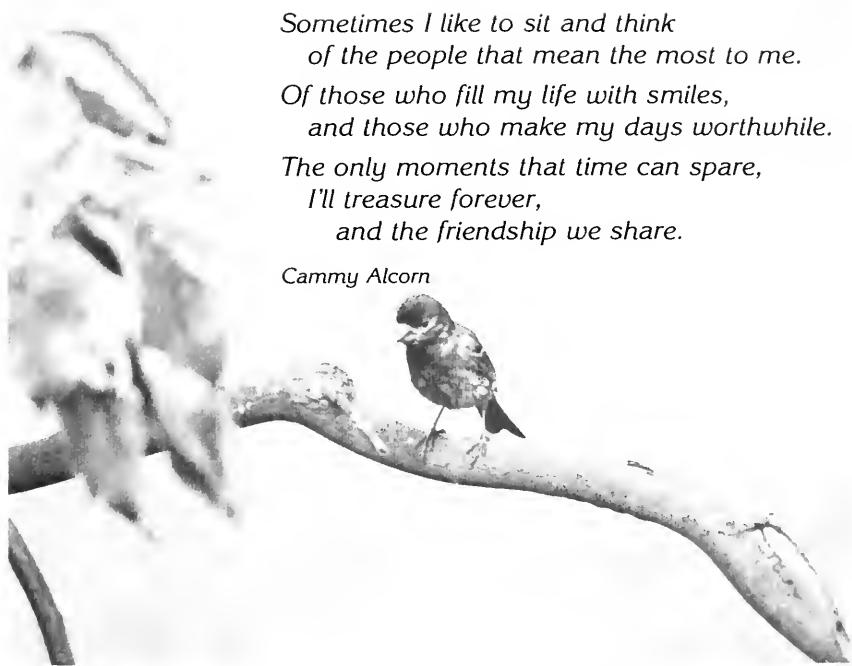
friendship

*Friendship is a shiny thing,
a steady beam of light.
a lantern in a lonely street,
a song far in the night.
The gentle touch of a loving hand,
an outpost on a hill.
And oh, what a happy little child
bringing home a daffodil.*

*Friendship is a binding tie,
of one soul to another,
a gentle tender relationship
of children with father and mother,
a raindrop sparkling on an autumn leaf,
a quiet moment on a hill.
And oh, what a happy little child
bringing home a daffodil.*

*Friendship is a happy thought,
a warmth in your heart.
Friends are those who understand,
and friends will never part,
two people very much in love,
a life that's never still.
And oh, what a happy little child
bringing home a daffodil.*

Pam Predmore



*Sometimes I like to sit and think
of the people that mean the most to me.
Of those who fill my life with smiles,
and those who make my days worthwhile.
The only moments that time can spare,
I'll treasure forever,
and the friendship we share.*

Cammy Alcorn

Photo by John Constable



Photo by John Constable

*I can see the reflection of the fire in your eyes.
With logs for chairs,
we gaze into the starry summer sky.
Nearby we hear the sounds of the river,
and the music of the crickets.
No need to speak,
we are together in our thoughts.
How happy we were.
We had to say goodbye,
summer can't last forever.
As the chill of winter sets in,
you too become cold.
Seasons change.
Feelings change.
I miss the warmth.*

Nancy Lukert

*Am I trying too hard
to find that spark?
Is it there and I just can't find it
or am I just pretending
to see it.
Because I need to find it?*

Anonymous

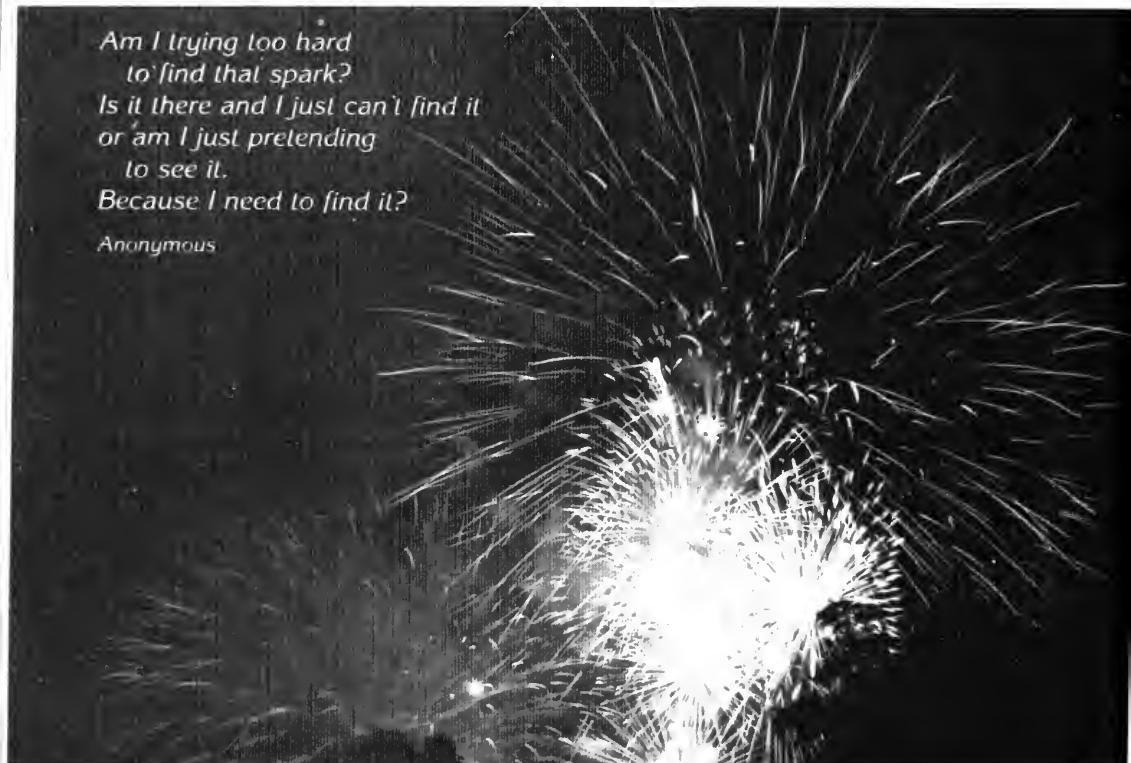


Photo by Tim Ireland

Sometimes

*Sometimes it takes a cloudy day
to appreciate a sunny one.
Sometimes it takes a wrong decision
in order to make a right one.
Sometimes it takes a little fear
to make you feel secure.
Sometimes it takes a dark passage
to see the light of day.
Sometimes it takes a little sorrow
in order to feel happy.
Sometimes it takes a couple of dreams
to see reality.
Sometimes it takes old friends
to appreciate new ones—and
Sometimes it takes a little hate
to feel a lot of love.*

Susan Richart

Photo by John Constable



*Once, I was alone
on a crisp autumn day
shuffling through dry, crackling colors
wanting you there to walk with me.*

*Once, I was scared
on a black winter night
lying in my bed watching shadows
of the moon dance on the wall
Needing you there to make them go away.*

*Once, I was happy
on a sunny, fresh spring morning
lying in the green grass
singing to myself
Wanting you there to share my day.*

*Once, I cried
on a rainy summer's day
shuddering at each crack of thunder
Needing you there to wipe away my tears.*

I grew up.

*Now, I know when I'm alone
you can't always come running
to be my friend.*

*I know when I'm scared
you can't fight off all the scary monsters
and be my protector.*

*I know everytime I'm happy
we can't always share the day together
as pals.*

*I know everytime I cry
you won't be there to dry my tears
and be my shield from all that hurts.*

*And, I know you can't always be proud of me
Sometimes I'll make mistakes.*

*But I will always be your daughter
And you will always be my daddy.*

*That is enough
because I love you very much.*

Tish Duffy



Photo by Ann Drobner



Artwork by Linda Bauer

*The days are bleak.
No longer do they shine.
So it's off to seek
some universal sign.
That is where the heart goes.
Lonely nights last so long,
since she went away,
Who was right if no one's wrong?
Strange games we play . . .
Anger's fire glows.*

Drew Larson

Photo by Ann Drobner



*It's been a long game
It seemed like all the cards were in your favor.
You had all the right moves.
Everyone was fooled . . .
And you might've won had I not
called your bluff.*

Susan Richart

Passing through Hellas

Once upon a time, the Greeks built a castle with two banners flying from its rampart: the white banner of Reason and the golden banner of Experience. A broad and deep moat lay like a protective girdle around the building, and to cross over the drawbridge one had to pass many tests in various tongues, given by the pedantic troll at the gate. Some knights he sent away with his stygian grin, while others he let pass the gate when they did homage to the two banners. Still others were stricken with terror by the troll and fled, unmanned.

This fortress was called the castle of Philosophy (some bold people in after-rime called it Secular Humanism). It stood for a very long time, and some there are who say it is still standing, while others affirm it is only a mirage or a dusty shadow. And whoever came to dwell in that castle was given two swords and a shield to battle the dragons of skepticism, error, delusion, cynicism, and perversity. One sword was ivory and the other golden, while the name on the shield was Presumption. But the dragons were strong and cunning and wise in the ways of deception, for they served the god of Babel, and hence all the knights of the castle were overthrown by the dragons and devoured, or given unto the bondage of the Prince of Abyss. And so the castle of Philosophy did not prosper but languished, full of the cobwebs of confusion and bitter contention. Though young knights still came to its door at dawn hungry for truth, they found only frustration, and they became a jest to the people of Judah, who passed by on their way to the court of the rightful King.

One fine day, Augustine of Hippo went journeying through Hellas and so came to the castle of Philosophy. By this time, it had grown grim and forbidding and depressing with its own kind of menacing senility. But Augustine was not afraid, for he wore the sign of the lamb on his helmet, a strange device to the knights of that castle, who mocked him for a churl. He tarried no to parley with them, but advanced to the gate at the drawbridge where the troll impudently challenged him. That insolent wretch was instantly struck dumb by these words, spoken by the pilgrim from Hippo: "Qui Verbum Dei contempserunt, eis auferuretiā verbum hominī."¹ Augustine then entered the castle confidently and went up to the highest tower and flew there from a splendid banner embroidered with a bloody cross, and this banner flew higher and freer than the other two, for it was the banner of Faith.

Then Augustine came down and went forth from the castle, passing lightly over the dreary moat, bearing a mighty sword called The Word and a shield with this inscription thereon: "Credo ut Intelligam."² And he slew all the dragons and prevailed. But never returned he to the land of Hellas, for he passed to the city of Jerusalem, the home of the rightful King.

'They that have despised the word of God, from them shall the word of man also be taken away.

¹I believe in order that I may know.



Photo by Brian Eshenaur

*If dreams were real . . .
You and I would grow old together.
We'd build a cabin in Vermont.
on the shores of a crystal clear lake,
at the base of the snow capped mountains.
We'd spend our days,
outside in the fresh air.
Swimming our lake, hiking our mountain.
And at night,
we'd cuddle by the fireplace.
Wondering . . .
if tomorrow could be any better*

Nancy Lukert

Photo by John Constable



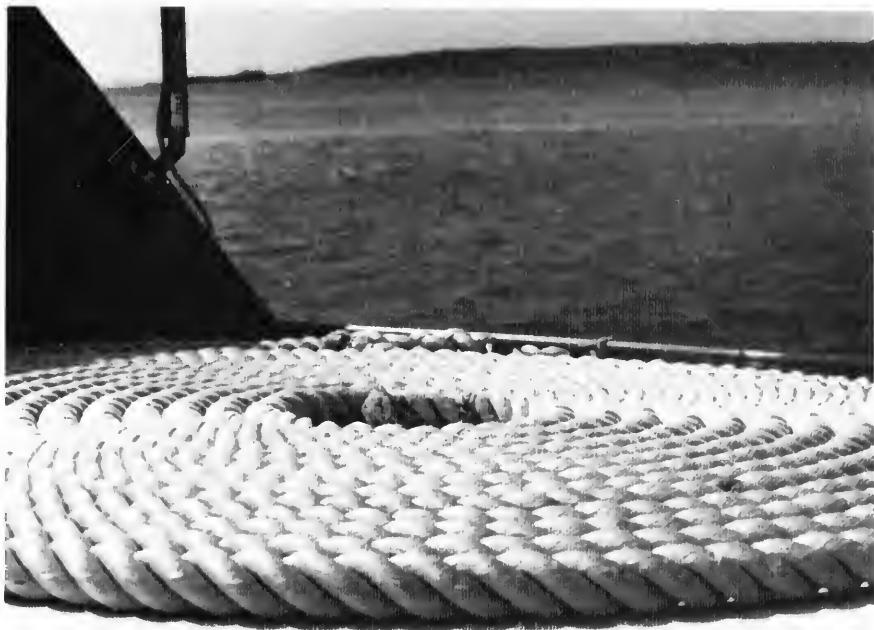


Photo by Ann Drobner

*I wasn't looking for you,
you came into my life so unexpectedly,
like a summer rainstorm.
I didn't want to care,
but you gave me no choice.
You tugged at my heart,
until it had no choice,
but to follow you.*

Nancy Lukert

Artwork by Becky Spinnler



the Open field

*I went to the apple orchard,
and I sat on an old rusty plow.
The open fields seem to go on endlessly.
I was by myself.*

*I searched my heart and mind;
Trying to figure out, why, like the open fields,
we can't go on endlessly, too,
instead of being by ourselves.*

*Dusk will soon be here,
bringing in the cold air
and the first killing frost.*

*In the morning, the open fields will be empty.
Everything will be dead.*

*Like the open field, struggling for more time.
I too, struggle.*

*I need more time to grow, share,
and to be trusted and loved.*

*No one ever has a say in the matter.
I guess by nature, it happens that way.*

*Leaving the open field will be hard;
knowing that it won't be the same when I return.
Or will it?*

*Saying "Good-bye" to you, will be the hardest thing
in my life I'll ever go through.*

*The "Good-bye" is not the hard part.
It's knowing when I'll see, hear, hold you next.
Or, if I ever will . . .*

*It's dark now,
damp and cold . . .
And I still sit here, wondering.
One thing's for sure,
My love, I have for you.
You'll have it for as long as you want it.*

Anonymous



Photo by John Constable

Photo by Pam Hines





Photo by Tim Ireland

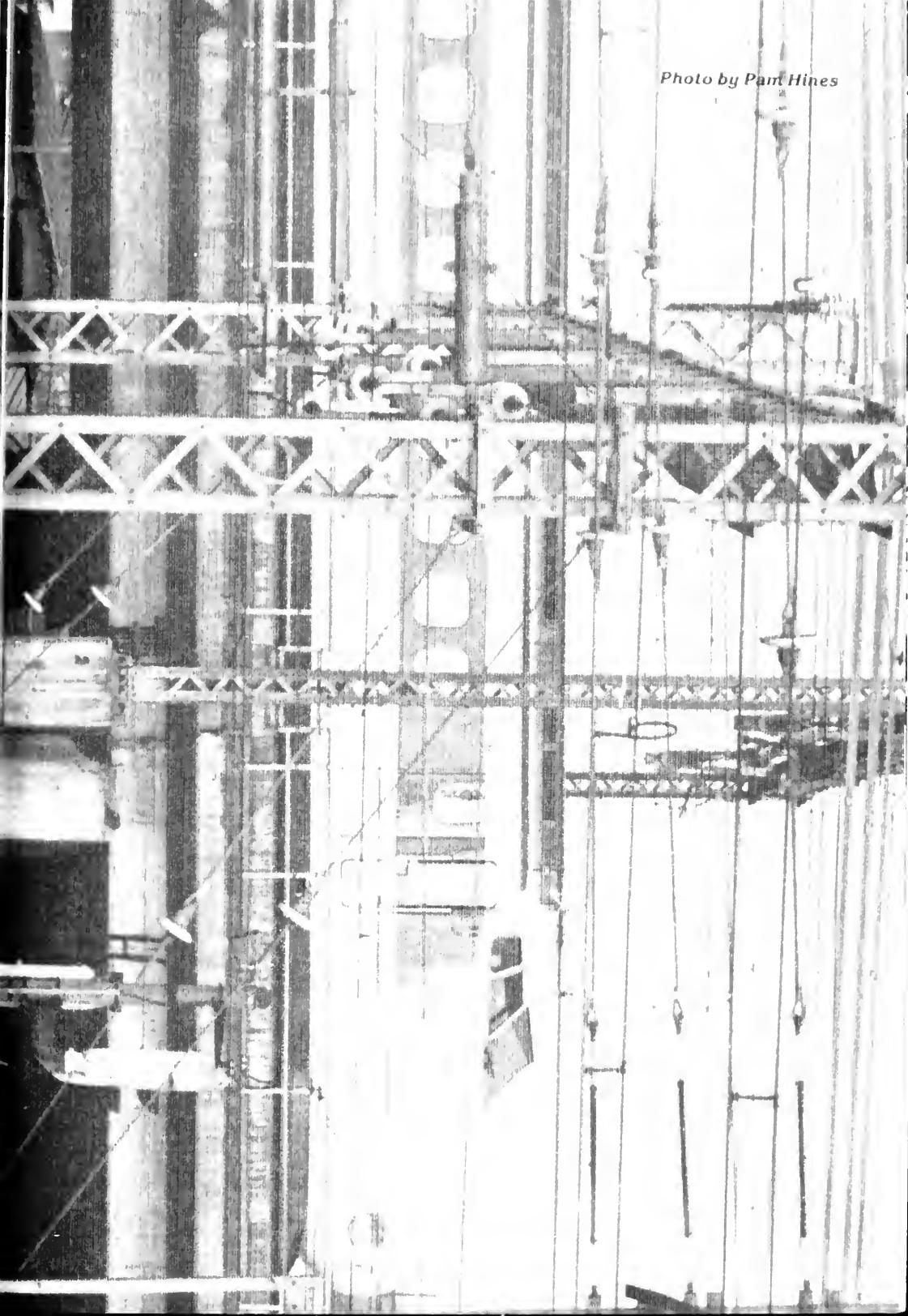
Photo by John Constable



*I lie in my cluttered
stereophonic room*
Listening
to the flowing tones of
flute and jazz piano
Hearing only the
lilting music
Feeling the beat of
my heart.
Anticipating the climax
building to a
Force which breaks
and comes down
again.
Skipping across the rhythmic
airwaves
Feeling
the music
my emotions
knowing you were all I had.
I cry
as the flute melts to a whisper
as the piano trills its last allegro—pianissimo
I strain to hear the ebbing tones.
Realizing
you were all I had left
grasping onto this reality.
I melt

Tish Duffy

Photo by Pam Hines



*All season, now, this field has grown.
I watched, when first the seeds were sown.
And by its edge, each moonlit eve,
my fingers through its green-ness weaved.
I listened, not with ears, but eyes.
What I see, tells fewer lies.
Shoots bowed before the winds that blew,
but always to the sunlight grew.
I thought the days would always last.
But eternal summers quickly pass.
And now in Autumn's hinting cold,
another green field turns to gold.
I have a wish that on the eve,
my time turns gold, my heart believes.
I've lived in strength and peace serene,
like this gold field, when it was green.*

W.G.F.



Photo by John Constable



Photo by Tish Duffy

*You never knew it, but
you thrilled me
your sparkling eyes made me smile
your thoughts made me cry.
I never told you, but
I love you
you made my life a little brighter
you surrounded my world with warmth.
I'll never understand
why you left
and chose to take yourself from this world
with your own hand.
But I have learned, and,
if perhaps another like you wanders into my life.
I will tell him
how much I care.*

Betsy Ferris Hague

*I have me
it seems
that's all I need—
and at times
all I have.*

Tish Duffy



Photo by Jeannine Gravel



Photo by John Constable

"I'll be on time!" I've heard him say.
"We'll do that . . . and by the way . . . "
"Did I tell you that we simply cannot . . . "
"Because, oh honey . . . I almost forgot . . . "
"How 'bout next weekend? . . . Then it's a date?"
"No matter what, I won't be late!"
"Sorry to disappoint you again, but you see . . . "
"Something else came up—don't blame it on me."
"I promise I'll see you . . . you just say when."
"I'll make it whenever . . . as soon as I can."
"Got some bad news, hon, won't be able to make it."
"You're so understanding, I knew you could take it."
"It won't happen again, dear!" OR will it? We shall see,
If there will be a next time and how long it will be.
All these excuses I've heard and let pass.
And now I've had it with that pain in the ass.
I'm tired of waiting, about to blow my lid . . . so don't
tell me what you're going to do—tell me what you did!"

S.A.R.

In a Moment . . .

*Everyone has left,
the room smells of stale beer,
and the smoke hangs in the air.
Rod Stewart is still on the turntable,
singing of some lost love,
and you come to mind.
All night, with all my friends,
yet I keep waiting for you,
to walk through the door.
As hard as I try, I can't forget.
You're always intruding on my thoughts.
When I think I've broken free,
you show up again,
in a song,
in a picture,
in a memory.
And all the steps I've taken to escape, are washed away,
in a moment.*

Nancy Lukert



Photo by
John Constable

Photo by John Constable



now and then

*Look at me, I'm down again.
I get this way, now and then.
It's not that I have reason to cry.
I'm just not happy—I don't know why.
I just can't look forward to anything new,
It seems like life is old and used.*

*My problems are old and from the past.
My sometimes happy moods don't last.
I guess it's time to change scenes once more.
Throw all those depressions out the door.*

*Pick up my life, start over again.
I get this way, now and then.
I look at the future and see an empty space,
And know someday I'll have to take my place.
I look to the past, and what do I see?
Nothing but darkness looking back at me.
Yeah, I get this way, now and then.*

Pam Predmore

*I'm on my way to a better place
A place I can't explain.
I don't know when I'll get there.
And I don't know where it is.
I know that it's a happy place,
where beauty and peace linger every day.
It's a place that many dream of,
and few will ever see.
I roam the world around me,
looking to find this land.
But not until my hourglass,
has seen each grain of sand.
I believe someday I'll get there,
but the decision's not up to me.
'Cause you have to be invited,
to the land of eternity.*

Cammy Alcorn



Artwork by Linda Bauer

Editors Note

We would like to take this opportunity to extend our gratitude to everyone who made the Gleaner 1985 possible.

Thanks to the students and faculty who shared their talents with us for you are what the Gleaner stands for.

We can only hope you enjoy the Gleaner as much as we have enjoyed being a part of it.

" . . . there is nothing more wonderful than a book, a message to us from human souls we have never seen . . . they arouse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers." Kingsley.

Sincerely,

Cammy Alcorn

Nancy Lukert

Editors



Cover by Tish Duffy